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THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy;
Give back my twentieth spring;
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a bearded king.
The moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame;
Give me one giddy, rolling dream
Of life, all love and fame.
My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said:
"If that touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped."
But there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?
Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
For bliss I cannot leave behind;
I'll take—my—precious—wife!
The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow hue:
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"
And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember all thy gifts have fled
With these dissolving years."
Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond, paternal joy,
I could not heartily leave them all—
I'll take—my—girls—and—boys!
The smiling angel dropped his pen,
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"
And I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
I wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the grey-haired boys. [Ex.]

Cool Impudence.

Thursday last we received a letter from G. P. Rowell & Co., advertising agents, in New York city, inclosing an advertisement, one-half of a column in length, of the N. Y. Sun, asking us to publish it three months, for which we were to receive a copy of that paper for one year, provided we would send a copy of our paper to them for three months, during the time the advertisement was to be published. The subscription price of the Sun is one dollar per year. For square-toed impudence, we commend the Sun and its agents. They must think California papers are hard when they make such contemptible offers.—*Amador Ledger.*
The above is only moderately just. There must be some of the most stupid of people consulting newspapers, or these insulting propositions would not flood the mails. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive one or more "such contemptible offers." Your paper and your paper are lost, gentlemen, when sent to the Santa Barbara Press.
This advertising Agency makes to us the same generous proposition, but as we receive exchanges from New York city, that we much prefer to the Sun, and which costs us nothing, we begged Mr. Rowell to excuse us for not accepting his very liberal offer.—*S. B. Guerdon.*
A like magnanimous offer has been made to the humble self. We fully endorse the views of our California contemporaries, and cannot therefore permit G. P. Rowell & Co.'s Sun-claims to illuminate our columns.

Demoralized Paris.

[From the Golden Era.]

The London Daily News has a budget of quaint and curious items from Paris, from which we cull these:

"Although Trochu is neither a great general nor a great statesman, he is to be publicly sold in the streets and exhibited in the kiosks. During the time that she occupied the throne in the most scandalous town, no scandal was ever whispered against her. She was fond of dress, but she was a good mother and a good wife. 'Lives of the Women Bonapartes' are hawked about, which in England would bring their authors under Lord Campbell's statute. In one caricature she is represented as stark naked with Prince Joinville sketching her. In another called the Spanish Cow, she is made a sort of female cantaur. In another she is dancing the can-can, and throwing her petticoats over her head before King William, who is drinking champagne, sitting on a sofa, while her husband is in a cage hanging up to the wall. These scandalous caricatures have not even the merit of being funny; they are a reflection upon French chivalry and upon that of Trochu. What would he say if the government which succeeds him were to allow his own wife to be insulted in this cowardly manner?"

Paris is not so gay of nights as in the days of peace and glory:

"Anything more dreary than the boulevards now in the evening it is difficult to imagine. Only one street lamp in three is lighted, and the cafes, which close at 10.30, are put on half allowance of gas. To mend matters, every one who likes is allowed to put a shed upon the sidewalk to sell his goods, or to collect a crowd by playing a dirge on a fiddle. The consequence is that the circulation is rendered almost impossible, I suggested to a high authority that the police ought to interfere to make peripatetic musicians "move on," but he told me that were they to do so, they would be accused of being "Corsicans or Reactionaries." These police are themselves most ludicrous objects; they walk about in pairs, arrayed in pea jackets, with large hoods, and when it is wet they have umbrellas."

The hospitals and ambulances for the care of the wounded are abundant in Paris and well served; though undoubtedly there is a great excess of attendants, especially of able-bodied young men who make the hospitals an excuse for avoiding the front:

"The ambulance which is considered the best is the American. The wounded are under canvas, but the tents are not cold, and yet the ventilation is admirable. The American surgeons are far more skillful in the treatment of gun-shot wounds than their colleagues. Instead of amputation they practice resection of the bone. It is the dream of every French soldier, if he is wounded, to be taken to this ambulance. They appear to be under the impression that even if their legs are shot off, the leg will make them grow again. Be this as it may, a person might be worse off than stretched on a bed with a slight wound under the tents of the far West."

In this connection an Englishman celebrates the American girl in Paris:

The French have a notion that, go where you may, to the top of the Pyramids or to the top of Mont Blanc, you are sure to meet an Englishman reading a newspaper; in my experience of the world, the American girl is far more enviable than the Britisher; and, of course, under the Stars and Stripes that wave over the American tents, she is to be found, tending the sick, and when there is nothing more to be got for them, patiently reading to them or playing cards with them. I have a great weakness for the American girl, she always puts her heart in what she is about. When she flirts she does it conscientiously, and when she nurses a most uninviting-looking zozone or franc-tireur, she does it equally con-

sistently; besides, as a rule, she is pretty, a gift of nature which I am very far from undervaluing."

Finally, we are told, the French cause is suffering from a bad attack of lawyers:

"Burke in his work on the French Revolution, argued that where legislators were lawyers, what would we have said of a government composed almost exclusively of those objects of his political distrust? When history recounts the follies of the French Republic of 1870, I trust it will not be forgot to mention that all the members of the government, with the exception of one—six ministers, thirteen under secretaries of state, the prefect of police, twenty-four prefects and commissaries sent into the provinces, and thirty-six other high functionaries—belonged to the legal profession. The natural consequence of this is that we cannot get one of 'Nisi prius.'"

Radical Manoeuvring.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows under date of January 31:

The leading members of the republican party have for some time past manifested considerable anxiety as to the part the Southern States will play in the next Presidential election. It is generally conceded that in the present condition of affairs here, the Democrats are certain to carry every State south of the ancient Mason and Dixon's line, except, perhaps, South Carolina. This is a disappointment to those who have been engaged in reconstructing the late rebel States in the interest of the republican party and the question now is how to bring them back and keep them under the republican banner. Just before the holiday recess Senator Morton introduced a resolution calling upon the President for information concerning the recent disturbances in North Carolina and other States, where it is alleged the laws of the United States have been defied and resisted. This resolution was so worded as to allow the answer to embrace the Southern States. It is thought that sometime this week the answer to the resolution will be sent to the Senate. This is the special message on the condition of the Southern States which it has been stated the President would send to Congress. This answer from the Executive will show that the Southern people are far from being in a condition to deserve or appreciate amnesty. It will further show that a feeling of opposition to the government exists which has not been equalled since the close of the rebellion. This information will probably be made to serve two purposes—first, to silence those who are demanding general amnesty, and second, to afford an excuse for something like a fresh reconstruction of the Southern States. The President's reply will likely be referred to a special committee, which will be instructed to investigate the facts and report with legislation in necessary to secure the enforcement of the laws and the protection of life and property. In the meantime, several prominent republicans from the South are here, and others are expected, to co-operate with the reconstruction in Congress.

Here are some interesting facts concerning the different stimulants used by great men when they desired to make a strong intellectual effort:

Hubbs drank cold water, Newton smoked, Bonaparte took snuff, Pope strong coffee, Byron gin and water, Wedderburn, the first Lord Ashburton always placed a blister on his chest when he had to make a great speech. Gen. Wm. B. Thomas wanted to be trepanned, and to have some fresh brains emptied in; not always successfully; George Francis Train swallowed huge draughts from the nozzle of a blacksmith's bellows. Gov. Geary stood on his head so that the lead in his legs would run down into his brain and get among his ideas. Horace Greeley puts on a clean shirt and turns his socks. Hon. Richard Vaux sat on an unabridged dictionary for three quarters of an hour, and saturated himself with words of six syllables. Lives of great men remind us that our lives can be made sublime.

Our Railroad Prospects.

The intelligence from Washington is very favorable to the success of a Southern Pacific railroad bill, this session. We understand there are two bills before Congress, one for a road direct to San Diego, the other, branching at more or less points, through San Geronimo and San Bernardino, through Los Angeles and Tulare valleys, to San Francisco. It is a clear case, our only hope of obtaining railroad accommodation, is by passage of the latter bill; for while, by it our neighbors will also have a railway—without it, we shall be left severely out in the cold, and will have to depend upon the caprice of the coast railroad people, who may not, and it is generally supposed, will not go to work for years. We are very well aware, however, that the wishes of the people of either locality will have precious little weight in the eyes of Congressmen; and although our own members may push the matter with all their might and ingenuity, other considerations will decide the matter, almost wholly.

We think the time has sorely come, when the great interests of the Southern line demand prompt action from Congress. A vast fertile and arid country lying waste, then can be made populous and productive by the same means which have enriched other countries. Let us have a railway, and soon the Territories below us, as well as our own valleys, will throb with life, enterprise, and industry; mines, mills, and manufactures; will swarm with population, cities, and towns. In fact, if the passage of this railroad bill do not wipe out the Apache and bring the millennium to Arizona, as well as to ourselves, we know of no other measure that will hasten that grand event, or condition—or whatever it may be.—*Star.*

A Rain of Blood.

A Texas journal contains the following remarkable communication. We read of a remarkable event in California about a year ago: "Knowing that you are not given to sensations, I take this method of giving to the public an item, the truth of which I can testify as an eye-witness, as can also some others living in the same neighborhood. On last Sunday, the 2d instant about eight o'clock in the morning, some six miles south of Sulphur Springs, when not a cloud was to be seen to dim the blue vault of heaven, fell what can but be termed a rain or shower of blood, which lasted some eight or ten seconds. Its district was quite limited, and it fell in specks about the size of a squirrel shot, and in density about one hundred to the size of an ordinary plate. This shower was witnessed by Mr. Bussy and family who were seated about the breakfast table in the yard, at the time before stated, when, upon a sudden, came pattering the drops of blood upon the dishes, viands, and all around. Mr. Bussy immediately sent his little son for me, whose clothes were discolored with blood on reaching my house. An hour elapsed, probably, before reaching the vicinity, yet the leaves, grass and the table bore the distinctly visible marks of blood. No one in the vicinity can give any explanation of this mysterious affair. I leave the matter for the scrutiny of science and the light of revelation."

C. J. SULLIVAN

The information sought of Mark Twain, by a young author, will be understood from reading the following—his reply:

Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct, but I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good, middling-sized whales.